

AUSTRALIA A RICH MARKET FOR AMERICAN GOODS.



One of Australia's New Artesian Wells. It is 4,066 Feet Deep and Flows a Million Gallons of Hot Water a Day.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic, Sydney, New South Wales, June 12.—There is a big opening in Australia for American trade. The country is just ripe for the advent of our druggists. The people are friendly and every American salesman I have met is doing good business. We sell over \$12,000,000 worth of goods annually in New South Wales or more than 800 per family of the population. American goods are sold in all the stores, and American farming implements are used on nearly every farm. Three-fourths of the repairs and mowers come from the United States. There are thousands of American plows, and tens of thousands of our axes and saws. The Australians like our hatchets. They call them tomahawks, and evidently think we got the pattern from the Indians. Our carpenter's tools are in demand, especially augurs, bits and braces, and seven-tenths of all the saws used come from Philadelphia.

American Notions Always Please the Australians.

American notions are sold everywhere. In Townsville, in Northeastern Australia, I saw patent camp chains with the Yankee trade-mark on them, our cuff chains and collar buttons are in common use, and there are all sorts of knick-knacks, marked American and sold as such. I dropped into a store the other day which advertised American candles, and asked the tall young clerk from what city they were imported. He replied they were made in Sydney, but they called them American because they thought that would make them sell better. The Australians smoke American tobacco. They use snuff and plug, shaving off the plug for their pipes. The brands sold are almost unknown in the United States, showing that the market is quietly worked by some of our little known tobacco firms. The largest does not realize the extent of this market. In New Guinea, our tobacco is used as money. So many plugs will buy you a dinner, a suit of clothes or a wife, the tobacco currency being more common than gold and silver. The cigars smoked by the Australians chiefly come from Manila, and the trade in Philippine tobacco is growing.

I have spoken of the New Zealanders as spenders. The Australians are quite as extravagant. In New South Wales the average is over \$800 per year for each family. The people of all classes dress well and live well. The women of Melbourne know how to put on their clothes as well as those of any city of similar size in the United States. Many of them wear American shoes, paying a duty of 75 cents on every pair. They wear costly hats and bonnets, and in midwinter nearly every girl has her fur. The business men, as a rule, wear silk hats and good clothes. The sitting is not quite so fine as that of our American tailors, but far better than that of London. Clothes cost about as much in Melbourne and Sydney as in New York, and American styles seem to be in demand.

Australian Newspapers Are Printed on American Woodpulp.

A great deal of our lumber comes to Australia, not only in the shape of boards and logs, but in paper, and now the Australian newspapers are printed on American wood pulp. Many of the publishers use American type. Within the past

few years the linotype has been coming in, and a salesman of one of the American firms tells me that he has scattered such machines throughout the colonies. He gets about \$2,500 for each machine, and does a business which is largely cash. The leading American typewriters are well known here. Some of the agencies have business colleges connected with them, and rent and sell machines in the same way as in America. You can buy all kinds of American cameras here, and the American bicycle is to be seen everywhere. So far no wagons to speak of have been imported, but there is a good demand for parts of our carriages and wagons, and I think this field might be developed.

The Australian is fond of show. He likes a good horse and a good buggy, and some of the rubber-tired rigs which are now being made in America might be sold here at a profit. One of the best pushers of American trade in Australia is our Consul at Sydney, George W. Bell. He is well acquainted with the markets and is doing considerable good. He tells me that many of our goods sold here are marked as made in Germany and that some of the importations come via London. This is so of fencing wire, both barbed and smooth, of which a vast deal is used, and also of silver-plated ware, watches and clocks.

Mississippi Valley Corn Is Fed to Australian Sheep.

One of the great markets for the future for the corn of the Mississippi Valley will be in Australia. The country is subject to frequent droughts and at such times food for stock is an imperative necessity. In Queensland I saw green oats straw selling for 35s a ton, and I was told that several shiploads of corn had been imported from the Pacific States by that State to feed its cattle and sheep. There has been a great drought and the stock has died by the thousands. One man who had 18,000 sheep and nothing to feed them paid \$40 a ton for American corn. He soaked it and then fed it, and as a result saved his flock.

One who has not visited Australia can have no idea of the need of food in time of drought. Within the past ten years millions of sheep have died of hunger and vast numbers of thirst. This State of New South Wales had 43,000,000 sheep in 1891. It has not more than 41,000,000 now. Within ten years the number has fallen off more than 20,000,000. Estimating each sheep at \$2.50, this means a loss of \$50,000,000 in the capital stock of the squatters in one State only. There have been large losses in South Australia, Victoria and Queensland. I am told that numbers of sheep die almost every year, and that the losses during the past ten years have been almost continuous.

You need not go far in Australia to hear of the horrors of the drought. You can easily meet a man who has lost a fortune by dry weather. Men sometimes go crazy



THE QUEEREST OF ALL IS THE GREAT BOTTLE TREE.



Australia Has Some of the Trees of the World.

on their stations far off in the interior because the rain fails to come. They have thousands of acres and tens of thousands of sheep, and they have to sit and watch the animals die before their eyes, knowing they cannot feed them. The droughts clear the land of everything green. The pastures become as bare as the roads and the sheep stagger about, nosing in the dust for the seeds of grasses and trees. Sometimes trees are cut down to give them food. One man who had 4,000 acres of land kept 100 men busy cutting off the branches of his apple, oak and other trees to feed the sheep. They eat the leaves and even the small twigs. This same man had another force skinning dead sheep and another whose business it was to lift up the sheep when they fell down and could not rise of their own accord. This is to keep them from the carrion crows, which hover about over them and pick out their eyes if they fall.

How the Droughts Affect Rabbits and Kangaroos.

During these droughts the rabbits die as well as the sheep. They drop dead outside the rabbit fences. You may see kangaroos lying here and there dead upon the plains, and I have been told that even the birds drop dead from the trees.

The Riverina country is one of the best sheep-raising districts of Australia, and is noted for its excellent grass. In the drought of 1895 it looked as though a fire had swept over it. The most of it was as clean as a baseball ground. It could not have been more bare if it had been plowed. There was not a green sprout or any sign of vegetable life to be seen. Last year much the same condition prevailed in parts of Queensland. There were tracts covered with dead sheep, cattle and horses, and dead emus and kangaroos were lying here and there over the country. This and other droughts have caused a reduction in one district of 94 per cent of the sheep and other districts even more. It is said that the drought in 1895 lightened the wool clip almost 12 per cent, and it decreased the lamb crop in New South Wales about 8,000,000 head.

Within the past few years the governments of Australia have been preparing to resist these droughts. They have been sinking artesian wells, making dams and

putting up waterworks. The droughts in many parts of the country are such that for nine months the sheep can feed on the dry grasses if they can only get water, and of late the water in many places has come from artesian wells. The chief danger is the depth of the wells is in the neighborhood of 500 to 1,000 feet. Some of the wells are very deep. There is one at Winton which was sunk 4,000 feet before it struck water, and there are many down 3,000 and more. One well flows 5,000,000 gallons a day, another 4,000,000 and another 3,000,000. In New South Wales a large number of horses, as they are called, have been sunk, and several of them are flowing from one to two million gallons a day.

A singular thing about the wells is that the water that comes from them is very hot. As one of the squatters says, it is hot enough to scald a dog. Indeed, a dog that fell into the stream of one of them the other day was killed. The water is slightly salt, and it contains some soda, but the sheep drink and thrive upon it. It cools, of course, as it runs off, being conducted in ditches and pipes over the pastures.

The ditches are made with huge plows constructed of logs in the form of a V. The end is shod with iron, and a team of eight or ten oxen drags the plow along the course desired for the stream. This makes a broad furrow, forming the canal, at which the stock can drink. There are many canals of this kind from fifteen to twenty miles long, and some even longer.

Land Where the Hens Lay Boiled Eggs.

Australia is the hottest country on record. I have ridden for miles astride the equator, but I have never found heat to compare with this. Out in the country in the dry times there appears to be little more than a sheet of brown paper between you and the lower regions, and the people facetiously say that they have to feed their hens cracked ice to keep them from laying boiled eggs. The dry lands are better than Sahara. Much of them is desert, and the sun beats vertically down upon the continent during the hottest part of the year, three hours every day, in travelling across it.

Australia is as long from one side to the other as from New York to Salt Lake City, and the greater part of it is covered with granite sand. It has no cooling winds to speak of, and the sand and rock bottle up the heat and give it out again. Captain Sturt, who crossed the Australian desert some years ago, records that he once hung his thermometer graduated to 157 degrees in the shade, and that the mercury rose and broke the tube. The temperature must have been at least 128 degrees in the open air outside, which is said to be the highest temperature recorded in any part of the world.

For three months during that trip the temperature averaged over 121 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, and the air was so dry that Captain Sturt writes "that every screw fell out of his boxes, his comb split up into hairs, the lead dropped out of his pencils, and his hair ceased to grow and his finger-nails became as brittle as glass."

All the rivers flow toward the coast. The most of them are short and un navigable. There is, in fact, only one big river system in the country—that of the Murray, which flows out the southeast end of Australia. The Murray is 1,400 or 1,500 miles long. It has extensive branches something like the Mississippi-Missouri, by which it waters a vast basin, in which are some of the best sheep farms of Australia. Nearly all of its basin is taken up by squatters. The greater part of it is fenced, and in certain sections the lands are worth as much as good farming lands in the United States.

South Australia Is the District of Salt Lakes.

Australia has no fresh-water lakes to speak of. Its biggest lakes are salt, and there are very few of these. The most of them lie in South Australia. In what is called the lake district, a region about 1,000 miles long. At the bottom of this is

Lake Torrens, about 100 miles long, with Lake Gardiner to the west of it. North of Lake Torrens is Lake Eyre, which is larger, and to the northwest Lake Amadeus, which is also of good size. All these lakes are salt. They are surrounded by flats of treacherous mud and crusted with salt. Some parts of them are dry for years at a time, when a wet season will fill them and cause grass to sprout up all about them.

Most of the land north and west of the lakes is desert. If you will draw a line across the continent from the lakes to the mouth of the Victoria River you will block off one of the biggest deserts of the world. The desert block will be one-sixth as big as the whole United States, and it will contain no water and no vegetation of any kind except thorny scrub and thorny grasses. This is the case with nearly all Western Australia with the exception of the small settled portion at the southwest.

Eucalyptus Trees and Other Queer Forms of Vegetation.

The scrubs are peculiar to Australia. They are a sort of dwarf eucalyptus trees, or dwarf acacias. The most common are the mallee scrubs and the mulga scrubs. The mallee scrubs look like willow or reeds. The bushes grow close together, so that there are often ten or a square foot of ground. They grow twice as high as your head without a branch, and as you look over them you see nothing but a mass of dark brown bushes reaching on and on for miles. Here and there roads and paths are cut through them which look like avenues or aisles.

They make the country gloomy in the extreme, and added to the dreary eucalyptus trees the vast deserts and the lack of variety in the scenery have given it the title of the "Never, Never Country," or the land of despair. The extent of the mallee scrub is enormous. In South Australia there is an unbroken tract about twice the size of the State of New York, which is entirely covered with mallee, and you will find it in all parts of Australia.

The mulga scrub is a sort of a thorn bush. The bushes grow close together, and they become matted so that it is almost impossible to make your way through them.

Among other curiosities are the grasses. There are trees here which grow grass looking for all the world as if a great stump had sprouted out in grass on all sides and on the top.

The sphinx, or the porcupine, grass is one of the terrors of the explorer. It covers much of the sandy plains to such an extent that it is almost impossible to travel over them. It is a hard, spiny grass, which grows in little hills from one foot and a half to five feet in diameter. It is always found in the dry country, and its mere existence is an evidence that there is no water near by.

Its blades are as sharp as a needle and are very destructive to both horses and men. The horses' feet are so cut that they sometimes have to be killed or are left to die upon the desert.

But I could write much about the queer vegetation of Australia. I seen new trees every day, and the queerest of all is the great bottle tree, which looks for all the world like a giant champagne mug with leaves growing out of the cork. Everywhere I go I see eucalyptus trees. They are the dreariest forests that I have ever traveled through. Many of them have long, thin leaves which hang downward as though they were weeping. They are always green, and they shed their bark instead of their leaves. The bark hangs down for all the world like discolored hair, making you think that all nature has gone into mourning and they are the chief mutes at the funeral. Some of them are very high, comparing with the big trees of California. There was one recently felled which measured 490 feet, said to be the largest tree in the world.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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HOW SLATE WRITING IS DONE.

WRITING FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. Spiritualistic slate-writing, if cleverly done, always makes a marked impression on a magician's audience, because it utterly baffles their efforts to detect the trick. They see a small cabinet suspended above the stage by means of cords or ribbons. It has an open front, and is empty. The magician turns it around so that every part of it may be seen, and taps inside and out with his wand, to show that it is hollow.

On a stand near by he has a small easel, a common school slate, a bottle of India ink with a quill pen in it, and a few sheets of ordinary white writing paper. All these he passes around among the audience for examination. Then he fixes a sheet of the paper to the slate by means of wafers, places

LAW STUDENT TO BECOME A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.



J. GORHAM TYSSOWSKI.

Mr. J. Gorham Tyssowski, a young lawyer of Washington, has recently been elected president of the Clarksburg College at Clarksburg, Mo. It is not often that a young man steps out of the university into the presidential chair of a college, and Mr. Tyssowski's friends are rejoicing at the quick reward that has come to him. Mr. Tyssowski is a native of Washington. He was educated in the public schools, in the Academy, the College, the Law School and the School of Comparative Jurisprudence and Diplomacy of Columbian University. In 1899 he received from the university the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and soon afterwards was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia. In 1900 he received the degree of Master of Laws. In this year, also, he formed, with his father, who is a well-known lawyer, a partnership for the practice of law. In 1891 the university conferred upon him the degree of Master of Diplomacy. In the ex-

aminations leading up to this degree he made an exceptional showing, for which he received honorable mention. Mr. Tyssowski's early training in law was obtained in the offices of Jeremiah M. Wilson and A. A. Hoehling, Jr.

He was nominated for the presidency of Clarksburg College by a friend who had been asked to suggest a good man to build up the college. By reason of his high standing at the Columbian University, and by means of good words of his teachers, he obtained his election as professor after a visit to the college. His success is attributed to his own work and to the friends he has made by it.

He is at present in Washington, closing up some important law matters, but he expects soon to return to Clarksburg to take up the new work. The responsibilities of his position will be many and varied, but he is earnest and determined in his efforts to succeed.

the slate on the easel, and the easel in the cabinet, together with the bottle of ink, the latter having the pen still in it.

Having allowed the audience to see the articles thus arranged in the cabinet, he throws a large silk handkerchief over it. Mysterious sounds are immediately heard, and the cabinet shakes as if some living thing had entered it. When the sounds and the shaking cease, he removes the handkerchief, showing an inscription written in bold black letters on the paper, and the pen, not in the ink bottle, but lying on the bottom of the cabinet. He then removes the paper from the slate and passes it around for examination, when the writing is immediately recognized as having been done with India ink.

The explanation of the trick is simple. The writing was done in advance by the performer, the fluid used being a solution of sulphuric acid of the purest quality. To make the solution, fifty drops of the concentrated acid are added to one ounce of filtered water. Writing done with this solution is invisible until exposed to heat; when so exposed it comes out perfectly black, looking exactly like dried India ink. The heat is applied by means of an electric current running over wire with which

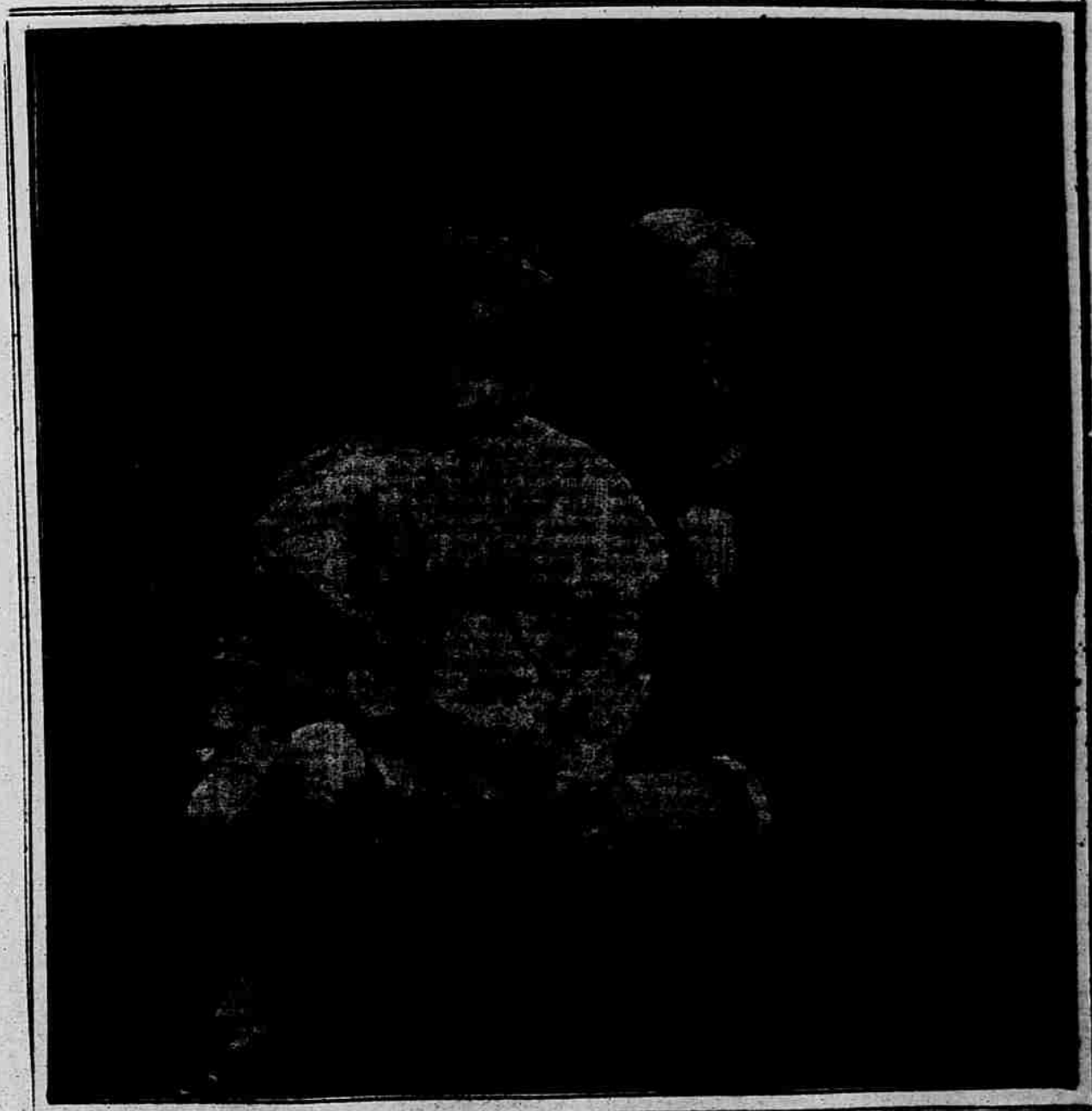
the slate is wound. The cords by which the cabinet is suspended conceal copper wires, which conduct the current to the slate. Black silk threads, suitably attached, enable the performer to make the words in the cabinet, to cause the cabinet to shake and to jerk the pen out of the ink bottle. Several sheets of paper are prepared in advance, each with a different inscription, the performer telling one inscription from another by secretly marked pin pricks.

The Humble Bee.

Aught unmannerly or unclean Hath my insect never seen; But Violets and daffodils, Maple sap and dandelion, Grass with green flag half-mast high, Succory to match the sky, Columbine with horn of honesty, Scented fern and agrimony, Clover, catchfly, elder's tongue, And briar roses, sweet amongst All beside was unknown waste, All was picture as he passed, Wlier far than human men, Yellow-breasted phalarope! Seeing only what is fair, Sipping only what is sweet, Thou dost mock at fate and care, Leave the chaff and take the wheat.



BABY OF WALTER DAMBOSCH, GRANDSON OF JAMES G. BLAINE.



CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER.

Of the United States Supreme Court and one of his grandchildren. In this picture the Chief Justice has on many occasions been mistaken for another distinguished American, Samuel L. Clemens.